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# THE KING OF THE BEAVERS

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A NEW, ORIGINAL, POLITICAL, ALLEGORICAL,  
BURLESQUE, EXTRAVAGANZA.

BY

SAM SCRIBBLE, COMEDIAN,

*Author of "DOLORSOLATIO," "NOT DEAD YET," &c., &c., &c.*

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*(First performed at THEATRE ROYAL, MONTREAL, L. C.,  
December 26th, 1865, by the Amateurs of the Garrison.)*

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1865.

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# THE KING OF THE BEAVERS.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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**HAPPY-GO-LUCKY**, *King of the Beavers*, in love with **AZULINE**.  
**SINECURE**, *his Major Domo*.

**AZUWARE**, *Commander of his Forces*.

**TERRY O'NOGGIN**, *1st Conspirator*.

**MICKIE McGUFFIN**, *2nd Conspirator*.

**DENNIS O'TOOLE**, *3rd Conspirator*.

**DHUDHEEN O'RAGGEDY**, *Their Head Centre*,  
*Messengers, Guards, Rowdies, Volunteers, &c.*

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**PETROLEA**, *Queen Mother of Beaverland*.

**AZULINE**, *Queen of the Blue Noses*.

**BRITANNIA**, *the Guardian Genius of Beaverland*.

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# THE KING OF THE BEAVERS.

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## SCENE I.

*Rendez-vous of the Conspirators. A Hotel. DHUDHEEN O'RAGGEDY, 1st Conspirator and 2nd Conspirator sitting at table, c. on which are glasses, a jug, &c. [Mysterious music at the rise of the Curtain.]*

DHUDHEEN. Be quiet as a mouse—

1ST CON. Be aisy, Pat—

Does our Head Centre think he *smells* a rat?

[Enter 3rd Conspirator, R, armed, very cautiously.]

3RD CON. There's no one stirring, darlints, overhead—

I've seen the one Policeman off to bed.

DHUDHEEN. How fares our plot? You know, in these hard times,

The one thing needful is, in fact, the dimes—

1ST CON. Here's my Subscription List—

DHUDHEEN. Ah! that's your sort!

[All come forward.]

1ST CON. [Reads] "Fourpence from X. Y. Z.—three coppers short—

"An Anti-Britisher declares he's willing

"To pay us on demand his last York shilling—

"INCOG, who's anxious to avoid exposure,

"Sends us his compliments, but no enclosure—

"A servant gal is eager to explain

"She's tried her Master's pockets, all in vain;—

"A friend, who liberality can boast,

"One Dollar! N.B. Stolen in the Post!"

That's the sum total.

**DHUDHEEN.** Faith! it might be worse!

I'll take the fourpence for my Privy Purse!

What other news?

**2ND CON.** Well, Captin, every rogue

Is fired with ardor when he hears my brogue—

Our sympathizers hold most liberal views.

**DHUDHEEN.** Exactly!—as they've nothing much to lose!

**2ND CON.** Gratuitous drink to glory points the way,

And Griffin Town is eager for the fray!

The Watchword, "Up with wages! Down with labor!

"Each for himself, and Devil take your neighbor!"

That's all they're wanting—

**3RD CON.** Sure,—but, Captin honey,

Our army hints they'd like to see some money.

**DHUDHEEN.** Bedad! our terms are *Cash!* the same as ever,

*Cash on demand,—at three months after never!—*

[All laugh.]

As for the coin, what little comes to hand,

We can take care of it.

**1ST CON.** We understand—

[All laugh.]

**DHUDHEEN.** The more the poor folks get, it goes the quicker

Temptation looks so well disguised in liquor—

And *coin's a bad companion*, for they write

That even *Money* now is "getting tight!"—

But business! darlins:—the last mail has brought a

Dispatch to us across the salt sea water—

**OMNES.** Hear! Hear! [Produces an enormous envelope.]

**DHUDHEEN.** Well, boys,—I'll read it to the meeting.

[Reads] "The absent by these Presents send you Greeting,

"WHEREAS our new Republic, as it ought,

"Means to run long, but finds its means run short;

"And with true friends so false, and ranks so thinned,

"To organize a *blow*, must *raise the wind* :—

"WHEREAS our ship of state has gone so wrong

"Because her helm's been kept *hard up* too long :—

"WHEREAS"—Oh! tear and ouns! a mild request,

I see her game. So never mind the rest.

[Pockets the Dispatch.]

1<sup>ST</sup> CON. Think of the Beavers, and their King, I beg—  
There is the goose to lay a golden egg.

2<sup>ND</sup> CON. The Queen Petrolea offers mines of wealth—  
Think of her 'ile'!—

DHUDHEEN. Yes! Sure! I'll drink her health.

[*Goes to table and drinks.*]

3<sup>RD</sup> CON. Their King in fancied safety (an't it prime?)  
Trusts to his luck, and dozes all the time—  
We'll fix him!

1<sup>ST</sup> CON. Hurry, then! er, on the sly  
Britannia 'll have a finger in the pie.—

[*All go to table, fill horns, and come down melodramatically—Music.*]

OMNES. We swear!

DHUDHEEN. My bully boys! birds of a feather  
At any rate we ought to hang together!  
Now, to your duties quickly as you can—  
You march on foot, and I'll march in the van.

QUINTETT AND CHORUS,—“I'm off to Charlestown.”

DHUDHEEN. We'll master this fine Beaver land without a doubt, I say.

1<sup>ST</sup> CON. We must n't lose this night then, if we hope to gain the day.

2<sup>ND</sup> CON. So off we go to Beaver land the lot of us, and we

3<sup>RD</sup> CON. Before to-morrow morning will have got the victory!

DHUDHEEN. If Fortune does NOT frown, before to-morrow morning,  
If Fortune does NOT frown there'll be the deuce to pay.

1<sup>ST</sup> CON. We'll fix the silly fools who think they can laugh at us—

If Fortune does NOT frown, we are safe to win the day!

[Repeat in Chorus—Characteristic dance and *exeunt*, R.]

## SCENE II.

*Garden of AZULINE's Palace.*

[Enter AZULINE followed by BRITANNIA, L.]

**AZULINE.** [thoughtfully]—“ To be, or not to be, that is the question.”

**BRITANNIA.** Dear Azuline, don't snub a good suggestion—

Happy-go-lucky is so good a match,  
'T were pity you should miss this easy catch.  
He loves you to distraction, but you hurt  
His feelings.

**AZULINE.** Spare me!—I was born a flirt!—  
Give me an officer! I'm loath to part  
From whiskers that have curled around my heart:—  
For Cupid (though my sentiments you're shocked at)  
Has knocked my early love into a cocked-hat!  
And so, Britannia dearest don't incline  
Thus cruelly to shunt *me off the Line!*

**BRITANNIA.** In winter pic-nics you're wrapped up I see,—  
The “ *Muffin* ” system suits you to a T,—  
And dancing all your better self conceals:—  
I wish your head would learn to save your heels.  
You little goose! to think that you could jog on  
Through life on some poor spooney boy's toboggan!  
Give up a King indeed? and wed a Sub!  
There'd be a pretty *scrape*.

**AZULINE.** Ay, there's *the rub*!  
Between two stools, my dear, in doubt I tarry—

**BRITANNIA.** My *Maritime* young friend, 'tis *time to marry*—  
The King's a nice young man, so do what's right,  
Or he may wed the Yankee out of spite.

**AZULINE.** I never thought of that.

**BRITANNIA.** Yes! that's the point—  
*Then your Blue Noses would be out of joint—*

**AZULINE.** But there's one obstacle, for you forget  
His Majesty is said to be in debt—  
And so his troubles 'twould be hard to share,  
When I have nothing of my own to spare—

**BRITANNIA.** Absurd! my Azuline.—Come! do my pleasure—  
What are small debts, when you're so great a treasure?  
I've set my heart upon this Union.—Do,  
There's a dear girl, help me to put it through,—

**AZULINE.** You're our good Genius, so I'm bound to do so—

**BRITANNIA.** Then telegraph at once!—I'll stand your trousseau!

[*Music. Exeunt. very lovingly. R.*]

## SCENE III.

*Council Chamber in the Palace of KING HAPPY-GO-LUCKY.*

[KING in arm-chair R. C. propped up with pillows—QUEEN PETROLEA, SINECURE, AZUWARE, and attendants discovered.]  
 [Music—Piano—“Were all a-nodding.”]

SINECURE. Your Majesty—

KING. Get out! I want repose—

Chase the Mosquitoes from our royal nose!

[Falls asleep.]

[Attendants fan KING—PETROLEA, SINECURE, and AZUWARE, come down.]

QUEEN. C. The darling boy! what think you of his state?

Good Sinecure, he looks so delicate!—

He's sweet on Azuline, but some new whim

Makes her, (the hussy!) far from sweet on him—

He's fretting, and who knows but, in despair,

The boy may now ally himself elsewhere!—

See, there's no rousing him—

SINECURE. R. Great Queen, well I

Must say His Majesty looks pretty spry—

He takes it easy, and whate'er betide,

Sticks to our golden rule to let things slide—

QUEEN. That's well enough in youth, but then you know

How cares increase upon us as we grow,

And dangers, that beset our very door,

May make his *easy chair* the *Seat of War!*

SINECURE. Great Queen, we must confess your son, of late,

Leans too much on the *pillar* of the State,

[Pointing to pillows.]

And we must rouse him—

AZUWARE. L. Why he laughs at fear,

As is the duty of a Volunteer!

He's fit for any duty, if he please!

QUEEN. At any rate he's learned to *stand at ease!*

AZUWARE. To 'carry arms' is not beyond his scope—

QUEEN. He's far more likely, as I think, to *slope!*

AZUWARE. And 'ordering arms' to him is quite child's play—

QUEEN. 'Order Arms?' yes! and then ask *me to pay!*

AZUWARE. He loves the *Bugles*—sure as I am born—

KING. [half awake] Bother your Bugles, I prefer my *horn*!

QUEEN. Such conduct in a King will never do—

We can't have Sovereigns lying idle—

SINECURE. True!

Too easy lies that head on bed of down—

As if his *Royal hat* had not a *crown*!

Sound the Reveillée!

[AZUWARE is about to sound Bugle, when KING starts up, and comes down, holding his ears.]

KING. No! pray don't—forbear!

*This ear* does not appreciate *that air*!

I've had a snooze, old lady, have I not?

But waking feel our coppers rather hot.

Give us a bumper as befits our station—

Strengthened with "Forty-rod" I'll whip creation!

[Attendants bring whisky—KING drinks.]

Our Highness is himself again?—and now

In vulgar English tell me what's the row?

SINECURE. There's danger stirring! and there's work to do!

QUEEN. So mind your P's, and—

KING. [dreamily,] P's! is that *my cue*?

Now post me up in this new cause of grief—

For Bogus Greenbacks have you sold our Beef?

The 'Cruel War is over'—let me see—

Is there a plot on foot to kidnap me?—

Our *streets* I've widened, grant me then the praise

Of having set to work to *mend my ways*—

SINECURE. Of Reciprocity some notice take.

Open your Royal eyes.

KING. [knowingly] I'm wide awake!

SINECURE. In *sanitary measures* you might gain

Experience.

KING. Yes! I always *loved a drain*!

AZUWARE. Plan of Defences—

QUEEN                            Though you talk so big  
                                   Think not that *Earthworks*, boy, are *infra dig*—  
                                   Think of the Fenians!

KING. [laughing]                                    — Fenians?  
 QUEEN.    You may laugh,

    But it's all in the *Evening Telegraph*—  
 KING. Old woman's rubbish!—Is your mind so narrer  
       Not to say *bo!* to geese, when they say “*arrah!*”  
       Murder and Irish!—To Erin belongs  
       The right of always harping on her wrongs!

AZUWARE. Call the Militia out! Is that your pleasure?

KING. Militia? hem! well! we'll call that out at leisure—

QUEEN. Forewarned, fore-armed! We know their base intent:  
       Let us keep straight when thus the knaves are bent—  
       If but Britannia now was here to settle  
       Affairs—

[*Crash—BRITANNIA rises, holding a helmet.*]

BRITANNIA.                                    Britannia's here! and on her mettle!  
       And with a rod in pickle, as you'll find,  
       If you don't listen when I speak my mind.

KING. Refuse to listen? Why, of course, I can't—  
       [Aside] I've expectations from that valued Aunt!—  
       I am all ears—

SINCURE.                                    And I, beyond a doubt—  
       [Aside] She's in a chronic state of forking out!

BRITANNIA. If you all dangers from your land would shunt,  
       You *look out sharp!*

KING.    And you *look out the blunt!*

BRITANNIA. A sorry joke! Why, really now, I'm thinking  
       There's strong suspicion that the boy's been drinking—  
       For Kings there's no excuse—

KING.    Good fairy, stop!  
       A *reign's* impossible without a *drop!*  
       Hearing the Fenians might attempt a raid  
       I've been advised to try some *Orange-ade*—

BRITANNIA. By their own acts the Beavers stand or fall.  
       I want you to be sensible, that's all—

Shake off the torpor of your lazy life,  
And try a stimulant, let's say, a wife!—

KING. I've asked my neighbour Azuline, but she  
Will always turn her blue nose up at me—

BRITANNIA. Wake up, and you may count on my assistance—  
I'll back you up, from a respectful distance—  
This magic helmet take, 'twill giye you vigor  
To fight, to draw the sword, or pull the trigger—

[KING *puts on helmet.*]

Thus armed, success is certain, but a King  
Should learn to let go now my apron string—

SINECURE. That's good advice—we'll make you hold your own  
With this array of talent round your throne !

QUEEN. Besides, Britannia, though she is a fairy  
Of help to other folks can not be chary—  
She's much to do at home—

SINECURE. Great Queen, you're right,  
When John Bull can't indulge his appetite—  
If things don't mend, the Britishers will soon  
Forget of Roast Beef all except the tune—  
In other words they'll lose their darling boast,  
When *short of Cattle*, that they *rule the roast* !

[*Sudden Music*—“O dear what can the matter be.”—*Characters in consternation*—Enter R. very hurriedly a Messenger, who stands trembling.]

MESSENGER. Your Majesty, I—I—

KING. What, blockhead, more ?

MESSENGER. Your Majesty, I—

KING. So you said before—

MESSENGER. There is a Rise—

KING. What ? prices getting higher ?

MESSENGER. One hundred thousand—

KING. Dollars ?

MESSENGER. Fenians, Sire !—

The Fenian Army !

KING. [a la Macbeth] Ha ! Is't thus you speak ?  
Go daub vermillion on thy pallid cheek.

[*Exit MESSENGER, R. in a hurry,*]

I'm not afraid—

AZUWARE. Nor I—

QUEEN. Nor any here!

SINECURE. [aside] Things look so dark I've half a mind to clear—  
KING. I feel invincible!—and I declare

Fixed Bayonets seem to bristle in my hair!

AZUWARE. Turn out the Guard! Fall in the Active Force!

SINECURE. [Excited] Give him another wound! bind up his horse—

[KING places himself between SINECURE and AZUWARE.]

KING. Ladies, good bye.—Shut tight our palace door,  
And let us three rush madly to the fore!

GRAND MARCH and CHORUS—"Glory, Glory."

KING. This Fenian body soon we'll make to 'stand around'  
Glory! Glory! I'll pursue yer!

This Fenian bunkum shall be proved an empty sound,  
Glory! Glory! I'll pursue yer!

CHORUS. Glory! Glory! I'll pursue yer!  
Glory! Glory! I'll pursue yer!  
Glory! Glory! I'll pursue yer!  
Glory! Glory! I'll pursue yer!

As we go Marching on!

[Burlesque March—Exeunt R. marching, KING, SINECURE,  
AZUWARE,—BRITANNIA and QUEEN, attendants in  
rear.]

## SCENE IV.

A WOOD,—*a large tree.* L. U. E.

[Enter L. 2 E. *Marching, the Fenian Army with banners inscribed "FENIAN BONDS," &c.* 1ST CONSPIRATOR, 2ND CONSPIRATOR, 3RD CONSPIRATOR, and DHUDHEEN O'RAGGEDY, all armed—Army marches to R. *Music.*]

DHUDHEEN. “So shaken as we are, so wan with care,”  
 Our legs are not exactly what they were—  
 Here will we rest awhile. If there’s a chance  
 Of danger, well,—I guess we won’t advance—  
 Thus far we’ve struck a most decisive blow!  
 So far, so well! we’ve never seen the foe!

[*Cheers from the Army.*]

“He laughs at scars who never felt a wound”—  
 That’s why so bravely we have stood our ground—

[*Cheers from the Army.*]

O’Noggin go one way, and, trusty Mike,  
 You keep that road—let no one *pass your pike!*

[O’NUGGIN goes to L. 2 E. McGUFFIN to R. 2 E.]

Keep your eyes open, and I’ll have no fears  
 Knowing my sentries have a *hundred ears*!  
 Right face!

[THE ARMY faces in different directions.]

My gallant scare-crows, if the foe  
 Should come upon us, run!—and let me know!  
 Look to your arms, and don’t forget to use ‘em!  
 Quick March! Go, risk your precious lives,—and lose ‘em!

[*Music—Exit ARMY, R—DHUDHEEN retires R. U. E.*  
 CONSPIRATORS together, c.]

1ST CON. [*shivering*] It’s precious cold, and I’m wet through—  
 2ND CON. And I,  
 Despite the weather feel uncommon dry!

3RD CON. My baccy's gone. Bad luck to such a joke  
As, doing sentry, go without a smoke!

1ST CON. A drop of whisky 'd do no end of good!

2ND CON. Bedad! I'd like to see it, *in the wood!*

1ST CON. [listening,] Whishst! there's a footstep, blundering over roots.

3RD CON. P'raps it's the enemy in creaky boots!

1ST CON. This promises reward for all our toil,  
You go and kill him!—and I'll share the spoil.

[Music. Enter R. AZULINE in travelling dress. She carries a band-box, and is evidently searching for something on the ground.]

AZULINE. [Singing as she enters.]

*O where, and O where, can my waterfall have gone!*

1ST CON. A woman, by the powers! so "let her rip!"

[Rushes forward and seizes AZULINE.]

AZULINE. What means this seizure?

1ST CON. That's the Fenian grip!

[1ST CONSPIRATOR blows whistle.—Re-enter DHUDHEEN and ARMY  
—Tableau.]

AZULINE. What? hurt a lonely girl! Let go your hand,  
And show me, please, the way to Beaverland,—  
These horrid roads of yours upset my sleigh':  
I've been pitched out,—and, having lost my way,  
Like the poor "children in the wood" I'm sobbing—

DHUDHEEN. You do the children, and I'll do the robbin'!

[Seizes band-box.]

Tie up the Prisoner to yon tall trees,  
And we can search her band-box at our ease!

[Music. AZULINE is tied to tree, L. U. E. DHUDHEEN,  
and CONSPIRATORS examine band-box. R. C.]

1ST CON. What, only rubbish here! bad luck upon it!

AZULINE. Kill me, but spare, O spare my wedding bonnet!

They're very deaf;—if ever I get free,  
I'll hang the woodman that has spared this tree!

I've lost my box, but every hope has sunk

Of ever getting rid of *this old trunk*!

Britannia's words I once thought so importunate,  
But this is an attachment most unfortunate!

[DHUDHEEN finds Photograph in band-box.]

DHUDHEEN. By japers! yes! no! yes! It is!

1ST CON.

What is it?

DHUDHEEN. Look on the girl and on this *Carte de Visit*—

1ST CON. Queen Azuline! I see she's wrote her name.

DHUDHEEN. It is! it can't be! yes, it is the same!

A Queen! the prize is mine! So, by your *lave*,  
 Bewitching captive, I'm your humble slave!

[Approaches AZULINE, overpowered with burlesque emotion.]

The shafts of love have pierced this virgin heart!

The shafts, suggested doubtless by your *Carte*!

I'll be a King, and you my bride!

AZULINE.

You're wrong;

You'll find 'the tied' against you far too strong!

Air, AZULINE. "Over the Sea."

Fiddle-de dee! Fiddle-de-dee!

Such love would you dare, Sir, to whisper to me?

Fiddle-de-dee! Fiddle-de-dee!

In thinking I'd have you, you're wrong!

So march! march! march!

You may say I'm invidious

But really, you're hideous!

So march! march! march!

You're coming it rayther too strong!

[DRUDHEEN approaches AZULINE who struggles to free herself.]

AZULINE. Help! some one, help! but vain are all my hopes!

I'm not a *Dav'nport*, and don't know the ropes—

Help!

[Music piano, then crescendo, and distant chorus, as at the end of  
 Scene III. CONSPIRATORS in great alarm.]

Ah! the Beavers' march, then friends are near!

I'll go into hysterics! ah! they're here!

[Enter R. 2 E. KING, SINECURE, and AZUWARE, with Attendants  
 armed. They menace CONSPIRATORS who get down R. as KING  
 and Attendants get over L.]

KING. Who calls for help?—the Beavers' King responds—

[Rushes over to AZULINE.]

I'll make small work of these your Fenian Bonds!

[Cuts cords and frees AZULINE.]

What? Azuline, my own! My heart's best treasure!  
 This is indeed an unexpected pleasure!  
 Who ever thought of you in such a place!  
 One moment, gentlemen, we must embrace!

[*They embrace. Tableau.*]

1<sup>ST</sup> CON. It's all up, Captain, with our insurrection!

2<sup>ND</sup> CON. The better part of valor is discretion,—

We're lost entirely, boys, and I for one,

Vote for Retreat, if there's a chance to run!

3<sup>RD</sup> CON. And I!—

KING. [*pointing to CONSPIRATORS.*] But what are these, may I enquire,  
 "So withered and so wild in their attire"—

Mixed pickles! each more ragged than his brother,

And *clothed* as if they tried *t' outstrip* each other!

SINECURE. Your Majesty, I think, it's very clear

These are the Rebels you've been taught to fear—

KING. The Rebels! Yes! I see their looks confessing

They want what they will get, and that's *a dressing*!

DHUDHEEN. Come on, brave Army!

[*The CONSPIRATORS stand still.*]

They'll not move a joint!

They've screwed their courage to the *sticking point*!

[*to KING.*] Have at you now!

[*to CONSPIRATORS.*] You cowards, wait a bit

And I, at any rate, will make a *hit*!

[*Attacks KING—they fight. SINECURE fights with 1<sup>ST</sup> CONSPIRATOR. AZUWARE fights with 2<sup>ND</sup> and 3<sup>RD</sup> CONSPIRATORS. AZULINE retires during the fight. Music.*

*After a terrific combat DHUDHEEN falls l. c., and KING stands over him in a triumphant attitude. At the same instant 1<sup>ST</sup> CONSPIRATOR falls r. and SINECURE stands over him. 2<sup>ND</sup> and 3<sup>RD</sup> CONSPIRATORS fall l. AZUWARE threatening them. AZULINE comes down to KING. PETROLEA rushes in from r. 2 e., and goes to KING. BRITANNIA rises c. Tableau!]*

PETROLEA. My darling safe and sound! and you have been  
 And gone and done it!

AZULINE.

Yes, and Azuline  
Saved by his arm, must give the credit due  
To valour.

KING.

Give me credit? Oh! pooh! pooh!  
Love asks *no credit*, what it wants is *trust*!  
Give me your hand—

AZULINE.

Well, I suppose I must—  
We'll be united, I don't care how soon,  
With one proviso,—not in a Balloon!

BRITANNIA. That's bravely said on both sides, and I dare

Predict a brilliant future for the pair—  
All's well that ends well! for you know that I  
Have long since had this Union in my eye.  
This marriage is the cure for ev'ry ill—

SINSECURE. If marriage doesn't fix him,—why, what will?

DHUDHEEN. What's to become of us?

BRITANNIA. Let *fighting* cease.

Trust to the Public to approve the *Piece*—  
Improve your manners, for these Rebel tricks  
Receive no half-pence as reward, but kicks.—

KING. [advancing] Kind friends—

AZULINE. [interrupting] You've said enough, Sir, for to-night—  
The last word is a woman's.—

SINSECURE.

I was right,  
I said she'd fix him—that's the old, old story—

DHUDHEEN, [to AZULINE, pointing to audience.]

Tip 'em the blarney, or I'll do it for ye—

AZULINE. [to audience,] Enough from us, do *you* now take the cue:

I need not tell you what you have to do—

Your part is easy, and in fact, my friends,

I see you have it, at your *fingers' ends*!

[Imitating the action of applause.]

FINALE: "Sir Roger de Coverley."

BRITANNIA. DANCE! *I love the SIGHT of it!*

KING. YES! *We'll make a NIGHT of it!*

CONSPIRATORS. *We are in for a SPREE!*

PETROLEA. *I've the GOUT, but I'll dance on in SPITE of it!*

**SINECURE.** *I'll hop till I shake off my wig!*

**AZULINE.** *And I will go in with the REST of ye!*

**DHUDHEEN.** *'Tis I am the boy for a JIG!*

**BRITANNIA.** *And I'll foot it away with the BEST of ye!*

[Repeat—Dance by CHARACTERS.]

CURTAIN.

